

Here begynneth a dialogue betwene
the comen Secretary and Ielowsy tou
chynge the vinstablenes of harlottes.



C Fellow.



What a world is this / I trow it be a curst
fayne world I marve / yf y I durst
But I trow syth y tyme y god was born
So many honest me neuer held of y horn

C Secretary.

What is the mater / be ye in any doubte
Pacifye your mode / let it come oute
Dylcharge your stomake / abyde it forth
So: o was in store be nothyng worth

C Fellow.

Trouth it is / I trust ye wyll not be greued
To a small questyon be to you moued
In a mater / to me doubtfull and defuse
Whiche I suppose ye haue had in experyence & vse

C Secretary.

That pauenture / but I wyll not pmyse you pscely
To asloyle your questyon very wysely
Howe be it that ye say / I am of experyence
Saye wyll be close / ye shall here my sentences

C Jealousy.

C The nithus / He that hath a rolling eye
And doth conuey it / well and wysely
And thereto hath a waueryng thought
Crowe yet his trull wyll not be bought.

C Secretary.

C yes / but take hede by the pryce ye haue noo losse
A made marchant y wyll gyue .v. inke for a goole.
Beware a rolling eye w wauerynge thought inke y
And foxeuche stiffe passe not / a dandy pratt

C Jealousy.

C She that is very wanton and nyse
Thynkynge her selfe maruapleous wyle
And wyll come to hym that doth her call
Wyll she not waxe tell for a fall.

C Secretary.

C yes surely / for a fall flat as a cake
And cares not howe many falles she doth take
There is noo fall can make her lame
For she wyll be sure of the best game.

C Jealousy.

She that doth make it all straunge and quaynt
And lokyth as she were a very faynte
If a man in the darke doo hyr assay
Hath she any power to holde owte nay / nay

C Secretary.

Holde oute / yes / or it is pyttye she was borne
A horse a whele barowe and a Rammys horne
If the other thynge come ye wott what I mene
For all her holly looks she wyll conuey it clene

C Jealousy.

She that doth loue meche dallying
With oyuerse men for fayre spekyng
And thynkys not on her owne name
Wyll not this wyld foule be made tame

C Secretary.

Yes with good handlyng as I prayme
Euen by and by ye shall her reclayne
And make her tame as euer was Cuckyll
To suffre kyllyng and tyklyng vnder the byttell

C Jelowys.

C She that is sum what lyght of credence
And to make her freshe / large of expence
Howe say you and her mony doo sayle
Wyll she not lay toopledge her taylor

C Secretary.

C Yes and yf she be of that appetyte
She wyllpledge and sell oute ryght
Hede pece / taylor pece / and all .iiii. quarters
To one or other / rather then sayle to carters

C Jelowys.

C She that louys to sytte and muse
And craftly can her selfe excuse
When she is taken with a faulte
Wyll she not be wonne with a small faulte

C Secretary.

C What nedys a faulte / I dare say she wyll consent
That ye shall enter by a reasonable payment
And the take hede for i keepynge of this warde & hold
Is more daunger the in gettynge a thousande folde

C Jealousy.

C She that is of mynde sum what recheles
Gyvinge her selfe all to ydelnes
And lous to lye longe in her bed
Who wayteth his tyme shall he not be sped.

C Secretary.

C Tyme nay nay wayte / yf she be in good mode.
For out of chyrche all tymes be goode
But passe not theron / though she say nay
For so she wyll whan she hath best lust to play.

C Jealousy.

C She that can no counsayll kepe
And lyghtly wyll sobbe and wepe
Laughe agayne and wote not why.
Wyll she not be lone ryled to fely

C Secretary.

C He teares be taken a gracys corage
And laugheinge doth all malyce as wage
Whan she is in that takynge marke well marke
Let slipp / spare not for one coultre in her parke.

C Jealousy.

C She that is fayre and lusty yonge
And can comyn in termes with fyled tonge
And wyll hyde whysperynge in the eare
Thynke ye her tale is not lyght of the seare

C Secretary.

C By all these symblityudes me thynkes suerly
Her owne tale she shulde occupy
Somtyme for neede her honeste saued
She wyll walke often or she be ones shaued

C Jealousy.

C She y paynteth her in starynge apparrell
Wise hote wynges and dayly to fare well
And loues to slepe at after none tyme
Wholyst stryke to me ye she wyll not stryde

C Secretary.

C I can not say yf she wyll stryke
But yf reason be offered nothyng shall fall besyde
For of a trouthe as frost engendereth hysle
Cale and ranke fedynge doth cause a lycorons tale.

C King



